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THE RED CROSS.

The year is drawing to a close, and we need the money due on subscription. Those of our subscribers who find a red X after their names on the margin of the paper, or on the wrapper, are politely notified their subscription is due, or over due, and are requested to remit the same immediately. We desire to purchase a power press, and enlarge our paper four columns at the beginning of our second volume, and will do so if properly encouraged, and promptly paid. Please come to our assistance, friends, and we will make you the LARGEST if not the BEST weekly paper in Central Kentucky.

THE VILLAGE ANGEL.

A GOOD STORY FOR ALL.

Emily Wharton was the prettiest and proudest of Riverview. The old men reverently called her the "village angel," the young men admired her by day and dreamed of her by night; and even her companions of her own sex felt for her a pure regard, free from the least taint of envy or jealousy. Had any one asked if she was beautiful, the reply would have been: "I'm sure I don't know; but she is so good we all love her; we can't help it."

And if you, reader, had seen her glossy brown hair, her deep, tender eyes, of a dark gray, and her fair round face with gentleness and patience shining from every feature. You might deny that she was really pretty, but you would have to admit that she possessed charms superior to those of personal loveliness.

What little romance there had been in Emily's quiet happy life, she had made herself wholly quietly working for quite another object. Her parents being the wealthiest people in town, and her own heart prompting her to take the most worthy advantage of this blessing, she had often helped those in need, and accomplished it in such a quiet way that she avoided the ostentation of charity, and caused the recipients to feel a thankfulness unburdened by any sense of humiliating obligation.

It was one summer afternoon, while sitting with her mother on the piazza of their elegant cottage, that Emily saw a young man staggering under the weight of a heavy basket filled with vegetables. He was coming up the road, and as he drew near she saw that his face was very pale, and bore only too plainly the marks of care and sorrow. She watched him as he advanced, her face revealing the sudden sympathy which his appearance had inspired in her heart.

Reaching the house directly opposite, the young man let his basket rest upon the walk, and opened the gate; then, moving forward with his load, he essayed to enter, but the gate swung to, barring his progress. Again he tried, and with the same result. Wiping the perspiration from his brow, he looked about for something with which to hold the gate in position, and at that moment a slight girlish figure swept by him, and a sweet voice said: "I will hold it while you come in."

Surprised, and not a little embarrassed, he regarded her for a moment in silence; then, while gratitude shone from his dark eyes, he replied:

"You are very kind miss; I thank you."

And he wheeled his burden into the yard, glancing most reverently at his gentle assistant.

"My mother thinks you have not been long in our village," said Emily, shyly. "No, only three days. I'm a stranger, you see, and I don't get much work, but I shall by and by, I think, and a faint smile passed over his features.

"Papa has lots of work to be done, he might give you some if he only knew your name," continued the maiden sagaciously.

"Thank you, my name is Thomas Wilson, and—live on the Flats." He spoke hesitatingly, and blushed as he mentioned the name of the poorest locality in town. Presently he looked up, but his companion was gone, and was now sitting on the piazza again as quietly as if he had not moved at all.

"That name drove her off," mused Thomas, as he went on with his load. "Well I don't wonder. It is a low place. But she was kind; there are mighty few girls would do what she did."

That evening, while Emily and her father were conversing—she trying to find out if he knew anything of the Wilson family, and he wondering what "the darling little witch was driving at"—the neighbor across the way came in, and re-

ferred to the incident of the afternoon, and added:

"It was good in you, Emily, very good; but they are rather low people—these Wilsons. They lived in Dayton before they came here; in fact the old man died there. He was a hard one, it is said, and drank himself to death. I don't know, but I shouldn't wonder if the boy took after him, for he won't work steadily. I hired him the first day he came here, and he was off in the afternoon; and the next morning he looked pale, and his eyes were red. I really don't believe he is of much account."

Emily, who was very far from sharing the caller's suspicions, was about to say that other things than drink caused pallor of the features and redness of the eyes, but, thinking that time used in argument is generally thrown away, she held her peace, and resolved to ascertain the facts for herself.

Slipping quietly out of the room, she assumed her habit, and then ordered her pony saddle. As it was nothing unusual for her to ride on moonlight nights, neither of her parents asked a question, and galloped away on her mission undisturbed. Reaching the Flats—a place she had often visited upon errands of mercy—she dismounted and inquired in what house Mr. Wilson lived. The woman directed her, with an ominous shake of the head, and Emily, reflecting upon the force of prejudice among all classes pursued her way on foot, leading the pony by the bridle.

The smallest oldest, and dirtiest of all the habitations on the Flats was the one which had been pointed out to her. Hitting the pony to a staple in the window-sill—for there was no other place, not a tree or shrub growing in the vicinity—Emily knocked upon the door and awaited with peculiar feelings the answer. It soon came in the person of Thomas, who, for a moment, was rendered speechless by surprise; then, in a voice which revealed both pain and mortification, he said:

"Will you come in? You will find it a wretched place, but we can't help it just now."

Emily made no reply, but followed him into the house. In the first room were a table, three chairs, and old cooking stove and an old-fashioned washstand. In one of the chairs, curled up asleep, was a little girl of about five summers; her long, black hair falling over a thin, pale face, on which tear stains were yet visible. Thomas saw Emily glance at the child, and he simply said, "My sister." But there was anguish in every accent. "My mother is in the next room. Would you like to see her?" he added, presently. The maiden inclined her head, and followed him into the chamber, where, upon a low cot bed, lay a woman evidently in the last stages of consumption. Her skin was nearly transparent, and her eyes, large and black, gave to her countenance a brilliancy weird, almost frightful. As Emily entered the invalid glanced upon her inquiringly, and said:

"Curiosity is sometimes cruelty. Why did you come?"

"With the hope of being met as a friend," answered Emily, with a gentle reproof, at the same time placing her hand on the sufferer's brow.

"Forgive me, but there is so much coldness in this world, so little love. Oh! I remember now, you are the young lady who helped Tom this afternoon. Poor Tom! he is nearly worn out. He tries to work outside and take care of Alice and me, too, but he can't do it all, so he has to let outside work go sometimes, and then, I suppose his employers think he is idle. It weakens me very much moving, and I have not been so well since. What do people say of us, miss?" She paused for answer, but Emily evaded the question, and then the woman went on:

"Yes, it is always so; you wish to spare my feelings; your motive is good, but I can see through it. My husband's misfortunes first set him on the downward path, and then by degree poverty came until all was lost. Now we must bear his unfortunate reputation, but not long—not long." She raised her eyes heavenward, as if imploring death.

"Dear mother, do not speak so; you are all I have on earth," said Tom in a tremulous voice.

"My dear boy, my life—my blessing!" she murmured, tenderly.

Emily's eyes filled with tears as she saw the mother's hand caress the jetty curls that fell on her son's brow. Then, hoping to cheer her, she said: "You will be better soon, Mrs. Wilson. Do not give way to sadness. Remember I am your friend." The invalid smiled faintly and shook her head. Knowing that further conversation would be injurious to her, Emily bade her adieu, closing the chamber door as she went out. Once again in the first room, the maiden said: "Mr. Wilson, you do me a favor."

"He acquiesced, wondering, and Emily, placing a ten dollar note in his hand, added: "Run down to the store and buy what your mother needs—be sure not forget fruit and jellies."

"God bless your bright face," he mur-

mured, in a choked voice, and impressively pressed her hand.

"I will stay here until you return," she said, as he took his hat and hurried away. When the young man returned he found the kettle singing over the fire, and the table set, while little Alice, who had been awakened by the cheerful sound, sat up in her chair gazing at Emily in amazement. "You are too good, miss; I did not believe that there was one left in the world as good as you are," said Tom, regarding her as if she was something more than human. "Don't praise me but take up your bundles and I'll have supper presently. Of course you got some steak?"

"Yes, though I was afraid I was doing wrong."

Emily reproved him for that sentence, and then went on with her preparations. In a short time a repast, which to Tom and Alice seemed a banquet, was placed on the table, and then Emily departed, saying she would come on the morrow and wash the dishes. Tom's gaze followed her until she was invisible, when he turned to the house, dropped on his knees beside his mother's bed, and thanked God for the friend which had been sent to them when starvation seemed inevitable.

The next day, and every day for a week, Emily Wharton brought the sunlight of her presence to that wretched abode, and cheered and comforted the invalid and her children, not forgetting to enlist the services of the village physician in the same cause. But he could do little for the sufferer; she could only be made easy during her brief stay at earth, she could not recover. And at length the time came when his words were to be verified, and Tom Wilson, standing at the side of the little couch, knew that his mother would not live an hour. Oh! if Emily would only come! He could not bear this terrible blow alone, with little Alice clinging to him in fear. And still the terrible minutes dragged on, and at length Emily came and stood by his side, and to make him stronger she took one of his hands in her own. Together the three looked down upon the blanched face and wasted form of the invalid, and saw the chest move with labored effort, and saw the lips, as if praying for air. Great sobs shook the son's breast and tears rolled down his cheeks, and at intervals the words came forth in convulsive whispers: "Oh, God! God! must I lose my mother?" She heard him once and tried to smile, but she had not the strength, and instead she worked her hand along the counterpane until it touched his. That destroyed the last particle of his self-control, and sinking on his knees he wept as only a man can weep when anguish makes him a child before his Creator.

"Tom," said Emily, in a low voice. He arose just in time to see the last pulsation of his mother's heart. She had gone forever. Weakened by grief, he turned toward Emily, and gazed upon her imploringly.

"Be calm, dear friend," she said, tearfully. "Oh, Emily, you are all that I have left! Oh, Emily, if I dared to love you —" He paused, and his body shook like a leaf. Again he spoke: "Emily, next to her I loved you. May I?"

"Yes, Tom," and thus they were betrothed in the presence of death.

Five years had passed since the night when Emily gave Tom her promise at the bedside of his dead mother. Very long and weary had been those years; many heartaches, some doubts and many fears had come and gone, only to come and go again. Emily was now twenty-three years old, and looked upon by the villagers as an old maid, not that she was less attractive, but because she refused so many lovers some distinguished and some rich.

"My child, my dear Emily," said her father, one evening, when they were sitting on the piazza, in the very same place where she had seen her only accepted lover, "I think you have done your duty in waiting. Your life is your own, and from the fact that you have not heard from Tom for two years, it is not likely that you will ever hear from him again."

"Don't father! Oh, please don't," said Emily, shuddering.

"My precious daughter, I would not pain you for the world. It is only my love for you that causes me to speak thus. You proved to me that Tom was good, else I would not have sanctioned the engagement. He went away to make his fortune, taking with him his little sister. It is sad to think of anything having happened to him, but time and silence indicate something."

"He will come back, father," she replied, a far-off, dreamy look in her eyes. "Tom will come back."

"It is a monomania with her," the villagers said, and with grief, for it was dreadful to see the fairest flower thus wither. But one morning Emily came down stairs singing and looking like her former self, and her parents wondered, for of late she had been pensive and listless. The day drew to a close, and just at twilight a carriage dashed up to the door, and immediately there alighted a

tall, noble-looking man, who presently assisted a very beautiful young girl to alight. Together they came up the steps and into the house. Emily, standing in the parlor, pressed her hands to her heart, and grew faint with anticipation. Presently the door opened, and the gentleman entered.

"At last, my darling," he said, kissing her pale face and smoothing her hair. "At last! Oh, how often I have prayed for this hour. I've been far away, Emily, in foreign lands, but the star at home has always shone bright. I know you'd be true, Emily, for God gave you to me when he took my mother."

"And I knew you'd come back, dear-est."

Six weeks later Emily became Mrs. Wilson, and a happier home than theirs does not exist. Little Alice lives with them yet, but ere long she too will have a home of her own.

"Consider me Smith."

A good story is told of Dr. Caldwell, formerly of the University of North Carolina.

The doctor was a small man, and lean, but as hard and angular as the most irregular of pine knots.

He looked though he might be tough, but he did not seem to be strong. Nevertheless he was, among the knowing ones, reputed to be agile "as a cat," and in addition was by no means deficient in a knowledge of the "manly art." Well, in the freshman class of a certain year was a burly fellow, a mountaineer of eighteen or nineteen. This genius conceived a great contempt for old Bolus' physical dimensions, and his soul was horrified that one so deficient in muscle should be so potential in his rule.

Poor Jones, that is what we'll call him, had no idea of moral force. At any rate, he was not inclined to knock under and be controlled despotically by a man he imagined he could whip.

At length he determined to give the old gentleman a good private thrashing, some night, in the College Campus, pretending to mistake him for some fellow student.

Shortly after, on a dark and rainy night, Jones met the Doctor crossing the Campus. Walking up to him, abruptly, "Hello, Smith! you rascal, is this you?"

And with that he struck the old gentleman a blow on the side of the face that nearly felled him to the ground.

Old Bolus said nothing, but squared himself, and at it they went. Jones' weight, and muscle made him an "ugly customer," but after a round or two the Doctor's science began to tell, and in a short time he had knocked his antagonist down, was a straddle of his chest, with one hand on his throat and the other dealing vigorous cuffs on the side of the head.

"Ah! stop! I beg pardon, Doctor, Doctor Caldwell—a mistake—for Heaven's sake, Doctor?" he groaned. "I really thought it was Smith!"

The Doctor replied with a word and a blow alternately.

"It makes no difference: For all present purposes, consider me Smith."

And it is said that old Bolus gave Jones such a pounding that he never made another mistake as to personal identity.

WOOD'S WIT.

We clip the following paragraph from the Glasgow Times:

A fellow who was going to be hung, said that his business had proved ruinous, and that he had been forced to "suspend."

A circus company travelling in Arkansas in its first season, has been twice attacked. Their first season has proved its second "seizin'."

India rubber bustles are fashionable with the habiles of the slating rinks up north. They keep a pile of straw just outside the enclosure, and when the footing fails, they find themselves acrobated on the nearest straw pile.

The epizootic is bringing around the times that try men "soles."

The best thing we know of for people who are dealing with the epizootic is to "heel" it.

A Surprise.

Says the Columbia Spectator:

Mr. Ephraim Keltner's neighbors were invited to his house last week to a "corn-shucking and quilting." No one who attended supposed anything more interesting than a corn-shucking and a quilting would occur, but about noon, the guests having been called from labor to the refreshments prepared for the occasion, to their astonishment a preacher stepped forward, and with the usual ceremony, united in the holy bonds of matrimony a daughter of Mr. Keltner and one of the neighbor boys. The affair was managed so quietly that none of the company had a suspicion of the intended marriage until the paries were on the floor. The ceremony over, dinner came next in order, after which, all hands went to work again, the happy groom shucking more corn than any one else on the ground.

THE EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.

Up and away, like the dew of the morning, Soaring from earth to its home in the sun; So let me steal away, gently and lovingly, Only remembered by what I have done.

My name and my place and my tomb, all forgotten, The brief race of time well and patiently run, So let me pass away, peacefully, and silently, Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten, Up to the crown that for me has been won; Unthought of by man in rewards or praises— Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like odors of sunset, That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on, So be my life—a thing felt but not noticed, And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes—like the fragrance that wanders in fresh-ness, Where the flowers that it came from are closed up and gone, So would I be to this world's weary dwellers, Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs then the praise of the love-written record, The name and the epitaph graven on the stone? The things that we lived for—let them be our story, We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing, (As its summer and autumn moved silently on) The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its season. I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed, if another succeed me, To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown; He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper, He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have sown, Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown, Shall pass on to ages—all about me forgotten, Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying, So let my name live, unburied, unknown, Unperished and unmissed I shall still be remembered, Yes—but remembered by what I have done.

GENES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

A woman's fitness comes by fits.

Easy it is of a cut loaf to steal a shive.

Winning will put every man into courage.

The world is still deceived with ornament.

Fruits that blossom first, will first be ripe.

Love all; trust a few; do wrong to none.

Good words are better than bad strokes.

'Tis not a year or two shows us a man.

All deeds are doubled with an evil word.

Were man but content, he were perfect.

The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.

He is well paid that is well satisfied.

Unheeded vows may heedfully be broken.

Scorn at first, makes after love the more.

A good man's fortune may grow out at his heels.

We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.

In time, we hate that which we often fear.

'Tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus.

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature.

Curious Physical Phenomenon.

We have learned recently of one of the most remarkable and unaccountable cases of phenomena that has perhaps ever been recorded. For reasons of delicacy we withhold the name of the lady, who is an estimable and worthy citizen of Frankfurt, though there is abundant evidence to authenticate the facts we shall give. For the last fifteen or eighteen months this lady has, at times, suffered exquisite torture, caused by the discharge from her right side, below the breast of pieces of whalebone, or something so nearly resembling whalebone as to be undistinguishable from it. The pieces are of different lengths, varying from half an inch to two or three inches, black in color, round, and emitting the odor of whale-oil when thrown into the fire. Some are ejected with considerable force, while others drop out, as it were. The spot of discharge is somewhat depressed, and wrinkled surface, within which are round orifices, apparently closed. We learn also that sometime since, in a vomiting spell this lady ejected a solid substance whose shape resembled the configuration of a whale. This substance is preserved in alcohol! The physicians are unable to account for the mysterious phenomena, and, altogether, it is one of the most curious in developments that has come to our knowledge.—Statesman.

FUN FOR THE WORLD.

Telling the Jokes of all Nations by Their Ear-Marks.
From Heath and Home.

There is nothing else in the world which bears the marks of its nativity so unmistakably as its humor do. The speeches of Burke might have been delivered by Webster, the poetry of Wordsworth and Southey might have been written by Americans; there is nothing about the German philosophy which is so essentially German that it might not have been English, and there are some of the French dramatists who could almost have imitated Shakespeare himself. But it is not so with wit and humor. Give a jest, and it needs but little discernment to tell whence it came. Sheridan's much-quoted remark concerning Dundas, that he "resorts to his memory for his wit and to his imagination for his facts," could not possibly have been made by any but an Englishman, or even by an Englishman of any other than Sheridan's time.

Douglas Jerrold's witicism, "It is better to be witty and wise than witty and otherwise," was not only very English, but very Jerrold, and few people would need to be told who said it.

And so it is with the humor of other peoples. Who would hesitate for a moment to credit Ireland with the man who, vaunting the glories of the past, wanted to know "where you will find a modern building which has lasted so long as the ancient ones?" Equally evident is Sir Richard Steele's nativity from his celebrated effort to extend hospitality to a friend, to whom he said, "If you should ever come within a mile of my house, I hope you will stop there."

Perhaps the most strongly marked humor, however, is that of our own country. It is of a good-gauge sort—a kind of high-pressure humor—too much like us to belong to any body else. Thackeray's joke about the size of our oysters was purely English, of course, and differed in every way from that of his American companion, who remarked that he had seen an oyster so large that it "took three men to swallow it whole." Equally American was the remark of the North Carolina, who, in speaking of the extreme leanness of his neighbor's hogs, said "he had put overcoats on them to enable them to make a shadow in the sun." It must have been this North Carolina's brother who said an acquaintance was "so tall that he never found out when his feet got cold till they got warm again."

Nobody but an American could have called Shakespeare a "boss poet," as Artemus Ward did.

But the most peculiarly American form of humor yet developed is that which has lately become so popular among editorial paragraph-writers in our Western States. It is indescribable, and we can indicate what it is only by giving one or two examples.

"Mrs. Gwin, of Davenport, assisted the kitchen fire, one day last week, with the kerosene can. The heavy rain kept a good many people from attending the funeral."

"A Chicago man ate ten dozen of eggs on a wager last week. The money he won has been paid to his widow."

"A man out in Kansas said he could drink a quart of Cincinnati whiskey, and he did it. The silver-mounting on his coffin cost \$13 25."

We cannot fail to discover at once the parentage of anything of this sort. It is too evidently indigenous to be mistaken for an exotic.

The jests of other nations are equally as well marked. Your French *bon mot* has an unmistakable shrug of the shoulders about it. German wit is elaborate and minutely accurate in all its details. A Scotch joke must of necessity be gimlet-pointed, else it could never be driven home in the head of a Scotchman.

We cannot only discover the nationality of a jest from internal evidence, but we can often tell the exact region whence it came, and sometimes even its very authorship is apparent. When we hear a man say that he "wrestles his hash" at such a place, we know very well that man was "raised" west of the Alleghanies. The man who asks you "what you've got on your wheelhouse" when he wants to know what you propose to do, has no need to tell anybody that he has lived on the banks of the Mississippi River. And it could only have been a college student, and a sophomore at that, who, when asked what stars never set, replied, "cross-tars."

There are some jests, as we have already remarked, whose very authorship is apparent; notable ones of Hood's and nearly all of Charles Lamb's. Saxe has closely imitated his master in the matter of puns, but he has never shown himself equal to such a play on words as that which Hood puts into the mouth of the vendor of ear-trumpets, who, in vaunting his wares, says:

"There was Mrs. F., So very deaf, So very deaf, That she might have worn a pericution-cap, And been knocked on the head without hearing it snap. Well, I sold her a horn, and the very next day She heard from her husband at Botany Bay."

Charles Lamb was never like anybody else, and certainly nobody else was ever like Charles Lamb. It was he, of course, (who else could it have been?) who replied to the complaint of his superior in the Indian Home, that he came to his desk later in the morning than any other of the writers, by saying, "Yes; but you see I make it up by going away earlier in the evening." His good things were always so essentially and wholly his own, that there is no possibility of mistaking their origin. No other man could have thought his thoughts or anything like them. Nobody else would have ever thought of pitying our forefathers who lived before the times of candlelight, because when they cracked a joke after dark they had to feel about for a smile, and handle their neighbor's cheeks to be sure that they understood it.

Ag a, another decision of the postmaster-general has inconvenienced a million or more of hard-working farmers, mechanics, and the families. Several years ago a law was passed by Congress whereby four-pound packages of seeds could be sent through the mails at one-half cent an ounce. This law enabled thousands of our readers in remote localities to receive flower and vegetable seeds from the most celebrated growers, who would otherwise have been obliged to do without them.

This excellent law has been virtually repealed. At the last session of Congress another law was enacted, which was designed as an addition to the existing one, granting additional postal privileges. This law allows small packages of minerals, samples of goods, in fact almost anything, to be sent through the mails, in twelve-ounce packages, at one cent an ounce.

The new law has been so construed that seedmen are now compelled to divide a four-pound package into six parts. As nearly all the orders received by seedmen range from one to four pounds of each variety, it will readily be seen that the existing law requires a large amount of useless labor.

We are credibly informed that the Congress of the United States has assembled annually to enact laws for the benefit of the people. The new postal law, as interpreted by the postmaster-general, a specimen of beneficial legislation? Would it not be better to enact postal laws that could be readily understood by the humblest postmaster at the cross-roads, than for a million or more of our citizens to be annoyed and inconvenienced by their exceptional decisions of one or more of their servants?—Rural World.

Save the Skins.

At the request of our old subscribers we republish the following suggestive recipe:

The skin of an animal, whether cow, calf, colt, or horse, that dies on the farm is worth more at home than at the tannery. Cut it into narrow strips and shave off the hair with a sharp knife before the kitchen fire, or in your work-shop on stormy days and evenings. You may make them soft by rubbing. A rawhide halter strap, an inch wide, will hold a horse better and longer than an inch rope. It is stronger than hoop iron and more durable, and may be used to hoop dry casks and boxes, and for making hinges. Try it on a broken thill, or on any woodwork that has been split. Put it in a wet and nail it fast. A rawhide rope is a good substitute for a chain.

Rural.

WARNING.—"I must get married, said a bachelor to his married friend, 'for I can never find a button on a clean shirt.' 'Take care,' said the Benedict, with a sigh, 'or you may chance upon a wife who will not find you a clean shirt to button.'"

New Bread.

The question has lately been asked, "Why should we refrain from eating new bread?" The answer is, because unleavened bread is the only kind of bread, except rye, which should be eaten warm. New fermentations, when it is a day old. The process of fermentation, or "raising," consists in the transformation of a portion of the starch of the flour, through the agency of the yeast, into sugar, and the further change of the sugar into carbonic acid gas, which issues the dough, and alcohol. More cases of dyspepsia are produced by eating fresh raised bread than by any other one article of food. White flour, or that from which the bran has been removed, will not make the true "staff of life." In the first place, it does not contain sufficient quantity of the elements needed to properly nourish and sustain the bones, muscles, and brain, these elements being mostly contained in the bran, which is either thrown away or much more difficult of digestion than when it is a day old. The process of fermentation, or "raising," consists in the transformation of a portion of the starch of the flour, through the agency of the yeast, into sugar, and the further change of the sugar into carbonic acid gas, which issues the dough, and alcohol. More cases of dyspepsia are produced by eating fresh raised bread than by any other one article of food. White flour, or that from which the bran has been removed, will not make the true "staff of life." In the first place, it does not contain sufficient quantity of the elements needed to properly nourish and sustain the bones, muscles, and brain, these elements being mostly contained in the bran, which is either thrown away or much more difficult of digestion than when it is a day old. The process of fermentation, or "raising," consists in the transformation of a portion of the starch of the flour, through the agency of the yeast, into sugar, and the further change of the sugar into carbonic acid gas, which issues the dough, and alcohol. More cases of dyspepsia are produced by eating fresh raised bread than by any other one article of food. White flour, or that from which the bran has been removed, will not make the true "staff of life." In the first place, it does not contain sufficient quantity of the elements needed to properly nourish and sustain the bones, muscles, and brain, these elements being mostly contained in the bran, which is either thrown away or much more difficult of digestion than when it is a day old. The process of fermentation, or "raising," consists in the transformation of a portion of the starch of the flour, through the agency of the yeast, into sugar, and the further change of the sugar into carbonic acid gas, which issues the dough, and alcohol. More cases of dyspepsia are produced by eating fresh raised bread than by any other one article of food. White flour, or that from which the bran has been removed, will not make the true "staff of life." In the first place, it does not contain sufficient quantity of the elements needed to properly nourish and sustain the bones, muscles, and brain, these elements being mostly contained in the bran, which is either thrown away or much more difficult of digestion than when it is a day old. The process of fermentation, or "raising," consists in the transformation of a portion of the starch of the flour, through the agency of the yeast, into sugar, and the further change of the sugar into carbonic acid gas, which issues the dough, and alcohol. More cases of dyspepsia are produced by eating fresh raised bread than by any other one article of food. White flour, or that from which the bran has been removed, will not make the true "staff of life." In the first place, it does not contain sufficient quantity of the elements needed to properly nourish and sustain the bones, muscles, and brain, these elements being mostly contained in the bran, which is either thrown away or much more difficult of digestion than when it

Ed Perkins on Round Dances.

In a letter, Eli Perkins gives his opinion of round dances as follows: Yesterday I asked a young lady if she danced round dances.

"Yes," she replied, "with my intimate friends. I don't dance them with strangers."

Happy and good young lady. She don't let only her intimate friends put their arms around her. None but intimate friends hold her hand and draw her young bosom to his. Oh! not strange young fellows from Hoboken come and line up on a first introduction and circle her in their arms—unless they're good looking and practiced in the subtle art of the Brown boys. This good young lady is the only girl in Saratoga who will not gladly permit an entire stranger to be presented, and then fall squrely into his arms. O tempora, O mores! I guess old Cicero would have exclaimed worse than that if he had seen Miss Cicero Africanus three minutes after a Coliseum introduction. Now, then my dear mother in Israel, do you think all this is just right? It is the ritual of society, I know; but can't society have its regimens as well as religion? If it is wrong for a fellow to even touch a young lady's hand in the park, is it altogether right for a stranger to encircle her in his arms in the ball room? Don't, my dear mother, think for a moment that we fellows dislike it! Don't think we are not willing to clasp your daughter to our aching hearts, for we are. We can hold them in our arms for hours, and never tire of the delightful amusement. Don't think we are sick of it, but with us it is a question of morality. We want to be good.

The old lady who refused to ride in a mail coach because she didn't think it right to ride together with gentlemen, is here, and she holds her daughter's opera cloak every night while she dances with the "hugging Brown boys. De gustibus, etc. Hugging is a terrible word, but we are dealing with terrible facts.

Parental Egotism.

There are very few parents who understand this element of personal feeling should be eliminated in the management of children. The parents judge, and the judge must be dispassionate, else all authority is weakened.

Let us see how it works. John breaks a vase. His mother is very much irritated at the destruction of her favorite vase, and punishes him, not according to his guilt, but according to her annoyance. She does not stop even to inquire whether or not the vase was broken by one of these unavoidable accidents which might have happened to herself or to the most careful person. In this punishing her careful person. She has weakened his respect and his affection for her, and has done much to destroy her authority. The child feels that his mother is only avenging her own personal grievances.

A few days later the same John is guilty of an act morally less bad. It may chance that no evil consequences follow. The mother is glad to avoid trouble, and she lets it pass with little or no admonition. Johnny is a shop little boy, and puts two ideas together very quickly. "It does not matter that I do wrong," he says, "if I only don't bother mamma. But I must take care not to touch anything of mine, or else I'll catch it."

It would be hard for family government to do a child a greater injury than to leave just this impression upon his mind. The mother has succeeded in confounding all moral distinctions in his mind, has weakened all authority, and set the example of selfishness, caprice and injustice.—*Heath and Hope.*

To Save Coal.

The most practical suggestion yet made toward economy in coal seems to be the use of solid bottoms in ordinary fire grates. It is asserted, and indeed proved, that in any fireplace not excessively small, a plate of iron placed upon the grate will save the consumption of coal, reduce the smoke, and leave a cheerful fire burning free. Quite sufficient air enters through the bars, no poking is necessary, and the fire never goes out till the coals are consumed. Any household can try this experiment, and reduce his coal bill, say, thirty per cent., at the cost of a shilling.

A Misunderstanding.

The person went in to gamble with Mrs. Jones. Poor Jones! It was very sudden; and the widow was altogether insoluble. So the person prepared to depart, saying, as he took his hat: "I will leave you, poor beavered one, with this injunction, pray—pray that God will vouchsafe his comfort; that he will enable you to perceive the promised how in the end."

Money Order Decision.

The Attorney General has held that after the remitter of a post-office order has sent the delivered bill to the person to whom it is made payable, he cannot stop the payment of it, but he may to whom it is made payable is entitled to have the amount paid to him, making which our readers will do well to remember.—*Commercial.*

A Queer Case in Paris, Ky.,

According to the Kentucky, sheds his big toe nails off, giving place to perfectly formed ones. The gentleman is perfectly healthy, having no disease of body or feet.

HERE is one of the soundest temperance arguments we have ever come across. The only temperance railroad in the United States—indeed, in the world—is said to be the Marietta and Pittsburgh Railroad, which connects the two cities by a distance of fifty-nine miles. Every officer and employee of the road is a total abstemious man, and not a single fatal accident has ever occurred upon it since it was first opened. This is suggestive as far as it goes; and it goes fifty-nine miles.—*Pittsburg Commercial.*

The amount of national bank currency authorized is \$353,917,170. Of this, \$108,648,279 is held in the six little New England States, while New York and Pennsylvania have a fraction over \$103,000,000, and the Southern States, including Kentucky, have only \$39,976,108. This leaves for the Western States about \$102,000,000. Is it not high time that Congress should legislate for the benefit of the country at large, instead of that of New England?—*Courier-Journal.*

All Wrong.—The practice whereby boys stand in front of the open house entrance at the close of the entertainment with their umbrellas raised and their trousers rolled up. It is provoking indeed for a young lady, who after observing these indications of prevailing rain, stops in the lobby, fixes her things, covers her head with something and muffles herself generally, to step out under a starling, cloudy sky, and hear the wicked boys giggle. It is all very wrong.

A young lady who had been studying French lately wrote to her parents that she was invited out to a *déjeuner* the day before, and was "going to a *fete champetre* the next day." The professor of the college was surprised to receive a telegram from the "old man," a day or two after, saying, "If you can't keep my daughter away from these blasted menageries and side shows, I will come down and see what she has."

The blossom, when crushed, yields its sweetest fragrance; the swan breathes its most thrilling melody in its death song. No character, however lovely, is perfected until it has passed through the ordeal of suffering. It spiritualizes the whole inner life; it detaches the soul from earthly things to which it has, perchance, clung too closely, and brings it nearer the things invisible.

"What's to become of me if you ask an affectionate wife of her receding husband, 'I don't know,' he snapped out, querulously. 'It would look better in you to be thinking about what is to become of me.'"

"This company shall never get another cent of my money," said an angry lady on a railway train. "How then will you travel?" asked the conductor. "I'll pay my fare to you."

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STANFORD Business Directory.

CONTRACTORS.

JOHN W. GILHAM, Carpenter, Main Street, Stanford, Ky.
THOMAS J. ATKINS, Metal Worker and Gunsmith, Main Street, Stanford, Ky.
RIPLEY FLOW MANUFACTURING, Proprietor, West End Main, J. W. W.
M. THOMAS, Painter, West End.
GEORGE MYERS, Brick Mason, Main Street.

DRY GOODS.

CHAS. & McALISTER, South Main Street.
E. R. TOWNSEN, South Main Street.
SEVERANCE & MILLER, North Side Main Street.
M. ALISTER & MILLER, Old Follows Building, North Main Street.
INSURANCE AGENTS.
A. SHEER OWSELEY, S. Main Street.
J. CAMERON, Royal, Liverpool, England, Phoenix, Hartford, Insurance Journal Office.

MILLINERY.

MRS. L. BEAZLEY, One West Post Office.
MRS. T. DAVIS, New Depot.
MRS. M. GILHAM, Up stairs over Craig & McAlister Store.

HOTELS.

GARVIN HOUSE, David Garvin, Proprietor, Court Square.
CARPENTER HOUSE, Corner Somerset and Main.

MANUFACTURERS.

STANFORD WOOLLEN MILLS, S. Main Street & Post Office, Proprietor, West End.
JENNIS & CLARE, Carriage Makers, West End.
FLEMING G. HADY, Boot and Shoe Maker, Cor. Main and Laborer Street, Up Stairs.

GROCERIES AND HARDWARE.

A. OWSELEY, Corner Main and Laborer Street.
WATERS & DAWSON, West Side Laborer Street.

DEEP STORES.

W. H. CHESNUT, North Main Street.
WILLIAM H. ANDERSON, South Main Street.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

SAM N. MATHENY, Corner Somerset and Main Streets.
SAM P. WHARTON, Post Office Building.

TIN SHOPS.

THOMAS J. ATKINS, Corner Main and Laborer Street—Up Stairs.
PETER STRAUB, West End.

GROCERIES & CONFECTIONERIES.

G. D. WEAREN, South Main.
JESSE R. ALFORD, Depot Street.
JAMES E. BRUCE, Depot Street.

LIVERY STABLES.

JAMES T. DAVENPORT, Near the Depot.
JESSE R. ALFORD, South Main Street.
THOMAS BRYDOR, Office Near Depot.

UNDERTAKER.

STROTHER D. MYERS, East End.

CONFECTIONERIES.

CARSON & DODDS, North Main Street.

BLACKSMITH SHOPS.

JESSE R. ALFORD, South Main Street.

COAL!

THOS. BUFORD, S. Main Street, Stanford, Ky. is sole agent for the justly celebrated Pine Hill Coal, and is prepared to furnish the citizens of Stanford and vicinity, and the public generally, for cash, the best coal in the mountains of Kentucky, from the mines of Harris & Co.

Will Sell in any quantities, and Deliver. Office Near Depot. Orders Solicited.

NEW Grocery and Saloon!

T. S. PARSONS, HAS just opened a first-class Saloon and Family Grocery, on Main Street, Stanford, Kentucky, opposite Garvin House, and is prepared to furnish his customers choice.

FAMILY GROCERIES, Confectioneries, Fruits, Etc.

HIS BAR

Is supplied with the choicest brands of Brandy, Whiskies, Wines, Tobacco, Cigars, etc., the country affords. He can furnish his friends the best.

FOUR YEAR OLD

Anderson county whisky, the FINEST IN THE MARKET.

NO CURE NO CHARGE. RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA. A SURE CURE. A SURE CURE. A SURE CURE.

\$2000 Reward offered to the Proprietors of any Medicine for Rheumatism and Neuralgia able to prove that Dr. FLETCHER'S MEDICINE will cure a case of either of these ailments within the space of one week, or return the money to the patient in case of failure to cure. Full description of cure, including guarantee, sent by mail, with letter to Philadelphia. The guarantee, signed and sealed, and returned by mail, with letter to Philadelphia. The guarantee, signed and sealed, and returned by mail, with letter to Philadelphia.

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NEW FALL GOODS.

SEVERANCE & MILLER,

North Side Main Street, Stanford, Kentucky. Are now opening their Fall and Winter stock of goods, and invite their friends and the public to call and examine them. The attention of the ladies is called to our attractive stock of

DRESS GOODS,

Among which will be found all the popular colors and fabrics. Plain and Fancy Lusters, Plain Black Lusters, All Wool Delaines, Assorted Colored Poplins, Printed Cotton Delaines, Merinos, Empress Cloths, Japanese Silks, Satines, etc.

Notions.

Hosiery, Gloves, Shawls, Ladies Vests and Pants, Gentlemen's Linen Shirts, Merino Shirts and Drawers, Trunks, Valises, etc., etc.

Domestics.

Prints, Brown Cottons, Bleached Cottons, Tickings, Linseys, White and Colored Flannels.

Boots and Shoes

A specialty. In our stock will be found the best home-made Lasting Kid, Pebble, Goat, and Calf Shoes for women, misses and children. Also Men's, Boy's and Youth's Boot and Shoes of the best manufacture.

Hats, Caps, etc., etc.

We have a Complete Assortment of Glass and Queensware, Table Cutlery, Scissors, etc., etc. In a word, everything usually found in a first-class general store. Come and see for yourselves before buying elsewhere.

JOB PRINTING.

Is prepared with a new outfit of type and presses to fill all orders promptly and carefully for all kinds of

CARDS, POSTERS, DODGERS, CIRCULARS, BILL-HEADS, LETTER-HEADS, &c.

Now is the Time to Advertise your Business!!

Mrs. M. GILHAM, Milliner and Mantua-maker, Up stairs over Craig & McAlister's store.

STANFORD, KENTUCKY. I am now receiving HER LARGE and elegant stock of

Millinery Goods, Notions, FANCY GOODS, TRIMMINGS.

And is now fully prepared to furnish the public generally with all the latest styles goods in her line.

Mrs. M. MYERS Has charge of the Mantua-making Department, and is receiving monthly all the latest styles and patterns.

Mrs. Gilham's long experience in the millinery business warrants the belief that she will give to her patrons entire satisfaction.

Ladies in this and adjoining counties will find it greatly to their interest to visit the store of Mrs. Gilham before purchasing elsewhere.

6-ly

Hardware!!

NEW IMPORTATION!!

Stoves! Stoves!

Stoves and Grates!

Cooking Stoves, Heating Stoves, Large Stoves, Small Stoves, Stoves of Every Kind.

AT—

A. Owsley's

Wallace Patent Grate.

A large lot on hand.

Hardware Line!

AT—

A. Owsley's

A new lot of family groceries just received

AT—

A. Owsley's

Go to the Brick Corner for everything in the Hardware and Grocery line.

6-ly

Hardware!!

NEW IMPORTATION!!

Stoves! Stoves!

Stoves and Grates!

Cooking Stoves, Heating Stoves, Large Stoves, Small Stoves, Stoves of Every Kind.

AT—

A. Owsley's

THE BEST BARGAINS IN TOWN.

GEO. D. WEAREN & CO.,

DEALERS IN GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, PRODUCE, SALT, Staple Boots and Shoes, Select Pocket and Table Cutlery.

Teas, Spices, Cigars, Tobacco, Tubs, Buckets, Brooms, Baskets, Rope, Twine, Nails, Powder, Shot, Axes, Lamps and Lamp Fixtures, Stationery, Extracts, Soaps, Perfumery, Combs, Brushes, Pipes, Candies, Raisins, Nuts, Toys, Oysters, Sardines, Pickles, Canned Goods, Confectioneries and Notions Generally.

LIBERAL PRICES PAID FOR MEAL, FLOUR, BACON AND LARD, In Exchange for Groceries, Etc.

Special Inducements to Cash Buyers. No Goods Sold on Six or Twelve Month's Time.

MATHEW L. WRIGHT, PAINTER, WEST END, STANFORD, KY.

RESPECTFULLY solicits work in his line. Will contract to work by the job and furnish material, or by the day, material furnished. Prices Very Low.

TIN SHOP AND STOVES! PETER STRAUB, WEST END STANFORD, KY.

I AM PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS of tin work at my shop near the Woolen Factory.

Always on hand and for sale Heating and Cooking Stoves, Old Vessels, &c.

Steam Mill Boilers, And other mill machinery repaired at all times.

Tin and Copper Ware on hand, for sale cheap.

1,000 AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PEERLESS BEE-HIVE!!

Patented Dec. 20th, 1871, by J. S. PROCTER, Of Franklin, Kentucky.

To Beekeepers Everywhere: The following points of excellence comprise a few of the many that may be truthfully claimed for my hive:

1. It is simple in construction, neat in appearance and is the most easily understood and managed movable comb frame hive ever invented.

2. The only material required in its construction is 26 feet of lumber, the nails necessary to fasten it together and a few small scraps of wire cloth to cover ventilators. Not a screw, screw eye, hook and eye, hinge, pivot, piece of tin, tube, glass, or other expensive material is used in its construction.

3. When properly used, it is the coolest hive for summer and autumn use, and the warmest for winter use, affording ample protection for the successful wintering of colonies on the summer stand.

4. By its use the necessity for "honey boards" or "honey bars" is entirely dispensed with, while the chambers may be contracted to suit the condition of any sized colony of from one single frame to ten, enabling the keeper to confine the animal heat to the space only occupied by the colony.

5. Less time and labor is required in handling, and the brood is less exposed than in using other first-class hives.

6. While it does not claim to be positively "moth proof" under all circumstances, yet it is provided with the least expensive and most effective device for the capture and destruction of moths, millers ever attached to a hive, and will do more to protect the bees from the ravages of that terrible scourge, than all the expensive and complicated "traps" ever invented and will in most cases afford perfect protection.

7. The construction is such that the frames and false ends fit equally well either the brood or surplus chamber.

8. A number of small colonies or nuclei may be used in the same live, or one or more may be kept in surplus chamber, receiving all the necessary natural warmth from the colony confined to the brood chamber.

Other advantages might be enumerated, but the above are deemed sufficient. An examination of fifteen minutes, will, I believe, satisfy any disinterested, practical Apiculturist of the superiority of the

"Peerless" Hive over any, and all others; and I CHALLENGE COMPARISON with any Hive on the AMERICAN CONTINENT, North, South, East or West.

Farm Rights and Sample Hives..... \$10 00 Perfection device and business Manual..... 1 00 Territory will be sold very low to those wishing to purchase, and the terms made easy. For any further information enclose stamp, and address, plainly.

1-2t J. S. PROCTER, Franklin, Ky.

ALB! ALB! A. GENSLE, DEALER IN A. TEMPLETON'S OLD CREAM ALE!

Wholesale and Retail.

BY DEALING WITH HIM PERSONS CAN GET THE BEST ALE FOR LESS MONEY, THAN BY SENDING TO LOUISVILLE OR CINCINNATI.

Send on your Orders.

EATING SALOON. IN CONJUNCTION WITH OUR ALE, we have an Eating Saloon, where meals can be procured at all hours of the day and night, and cheaper than elsewhere. It is constantly on hand all the market affords.

U. S. Mail Line Steamers FOR CINCINNATI AND THE EAST. TWO BOATS DAILY. Making close connection at Cincinnati with fast through trains for New York and all Eastern cities.

MEALS AND STATEROOMS FREE. Fare same as by other lines. Tickets for all parts for sale at all general ticket offices in the south and company's office in Louisville, and on board the steamers.

For economy, pleasure and comfort take this line. FRANK CARTER, Sup't.

6-2m

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